

HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring
William Boyd


OCTOBER

10¢


NO. 24

THE MOST
FEARLESS SHERIFF
OF THE
WILD WEST
Battles His Toughest
Opponent in the
Twin-River Giant!







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HOPALONG CASSIDY
THE GREATEST SHERIFF
OF THE WEST

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

IN
TREACHERY RIDES AGAIN
THE TWIN RIVER GIANT

MESQUITE'S GREAT CHANCE
DOOMED TO LIVE

PLUS! WHITEY WHISKERS • BILLY THE KID
AND: A GALLOPING SHORT STORY,
"TEX HEADS NORTH"

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD

October, 1962, Vol. 4, No. 24
HOPALONG CASSIDY SUBSCRIPTION RATE 12 ISSUES FOR \$1.50 IN U. S. POSSESSIONS AND CANADA

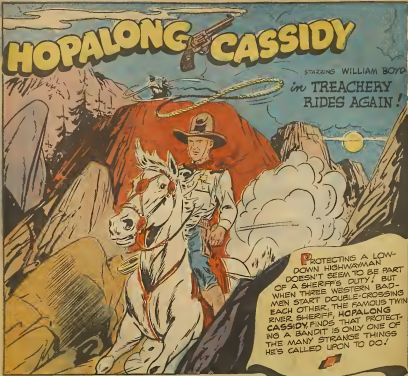
HOPALONG CASSIDY is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Incorporated, Fawcett Plaza, Greenwich Conn. W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President; Roger Fawcett, Vice-President; Allan E. Newman, Secretary; Gordon Fawcett, Treasurer; Elton O. Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Cough, Editorial Director; Al Allard, Art Director. Entered as second-class matter March 13, 1946 at the post office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879 with additional entry at Louisville, Ky. Copyright 1962 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Registering in whole or part forbidden except by permission of the publisher. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S. possessions and in Canada; foreign subscriptions 12 issues for \$1.70. Single issues 10c. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be carried by international money order in U.S. dollars funds, payable to Circulation Department, Fawcett Plaza, Greenwich Conn. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 67 W. 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.; 350 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.; 415 P. Houston Edward 5 Townsend Co., 615 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 14, Cal.; Edward 5 Townsend, Edward 5 Townsend Co., Russ Building San Francisco 4. General Offices Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Printed in U. S. A.

MODER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD

in TREACHERY
RIDES AGAIN!



PROTECTING A LOW-
DOWN HIGHWAYMAN
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE PART
OF A SHERIFF'S DUTY, BUT
WHEN THREE WESTERN BAD-
MEN START DOUBLE-CROSSING
EACH OTHER, THE FAMOUS TWIN
RIVER SHERIFF, HOPALONG
CASSIDY, FINDS THAT PROTECT-
ING A BANDIT IS ONLY ONE OF
THE MANY STRANGE THINGS
HE'S CALLED UPON TO DO!

IN THE HILLS OUTSIDE TWIN RIVER---

I'LL SHORE BE GLAD WHEN I GET INTOH
TWIN RIVER! RIDIN' ALONE WITH THIS
BIG PAYROLL GIVES ME TH' WILLIES.

JUMPIN' JEHOASHAPHAT! SOME
DURNED FOOL WENT AND
BLOCKED UP TH' ROAD!



WHOA! I'LL HAVE TUH CLEAN THOSE
DANG-BLASTED LOGS CUTTA TH' WAY
AFORE I KIN GO AHEAD!



BUT AT THAT
MOMENT----



JEST HAND OVER TH' PAY-
ROLL AND YUH KIN SAVE
YORE HIDE!



H-H-H-HYAR IT IS!



NOW VAMOOSE! WE
KIN USE THIS STAGE-
COACH OURSELVES!



I RECKON I'LL
HEAD FER GHOST
CITY!



LATER---

---AND THET'S EXACTLY
WHUT HAPPENED,

HOPALONG! AFTER
THEY TOOK TH' STAGE-
COACH I HAD TUH
WALK ALL TH' WAY!
THET'S WHY IT TOOK
ME SO LONG TUH
GIT HYAR!

THERE'S
ONLY ONE
THING TO
DO---



HOPALONG CASSIDY



---FORM A POSSE AND GO AFTER THEM LOW-DOWN CRITTERS!



MEANWHILE, IN GHOST CITY---

I DESTROYED TH' STAGECOACH AND HID TH' HOSSES! NOBODY'LL BE ABLE TUH TRACE US HYAR!

GOOD! NOW LET'S GIT INTUH ONE OF 'EM DESERTED SHACKS AND CAMP FER TH' NIGHT!



WHEN WILL WE DIVVY UP TH' DOUGH?

IT'S TOO DARK NOW TUH DO ANY COUNTIN'!



WE KIN CACHE IT HYAR TILL MORNIN'! THEN WE KIN SPLIT UP TH' SPOILS!

I RECKON THETS A SOUND IDEA, MEMPHIS! NOW LET'S HIT TH' HAY!



GOOD NIGHT!

GOOD NIGHT!

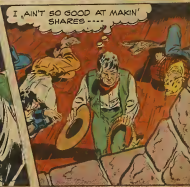


SHORTLY AFTER--

BZZZ!

THEY'RE BOTH KEEPIN' FACE SAWIN' LOGS! THIS IS MUH CHANCE!

BZZZZ!



I AIN'T SO GOOD AT MAKIN' SHARES----

...SO I RECKON I CAN'T
BE CHEATED IF I TAKE
ALL TH' MAZUMA!



BY TH' TIME THESE
TWO WAKE UP I'LL
BE SO FAR 'WAY
THEY'LL NEVER
FIND ME!



I RECKON THEY WON'T
MIND MUH BORROWIN'
ONE OF TH' HOSSES WE
GOT WHEN WE STOLE TH'
STAGECOACH!



BUT AS MEMPHIS
HITS THE HILLS---

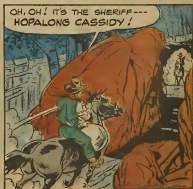


(GULP!) IT LOOKS
LIKE A POSSE!

I OPINE I'D BETTER FIND ANOTHER WAY
OUTTA GHOST CITY!



OH, OH! IT'S THE SHERIFF---
HOPALONG CASSIDY!



I'M NOT TAKIN' ANY CHANCES ON HOPALONGS KETCHIN' ME WITH THIS STOLEN PAYROLL! MUCH AS I LIKE MONEY, I LIKE MUH FREEDOM MORE!



SORRY TO HAVE TO STOP YOU, STRANGER, BUT WE'RE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR SOME STAGECOACH ROBBERS!

YUH KIN SEARCH ME, SHERIFF! I'M JUST A COWPUNCHER ON MUH WAY BACK TUH TH' RANCH!



THERE'S NOTHING ON YOU, YOU CAN GO!

THANKS, SHERIFF!



(WHEW!) THET WUZ CLOSE! I RECKON I MIGHT AS WELL HEAD BACK FER GHOST CITY! IF THEY FIND ME DOZIN' PEACEFUL IN THE MORNIN' WHEN THEY GET UP, THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT I TRIED TUH DOUBLE-CROSS 'EM!



AND IN A SHORT WHILE---

ZZZZZZ!

I'M SHORE IN LUCK! THEY'RE STILL PLUMB FAST ASLEEP!



THE NEXT MORNING---

HEY-- WAKE UP! TH' MONEY'S GONE!



GONE! JUMPIN' COYOTES! WHO COULDN'T STOLEN IT?

DON'T ASK ME! I WUZ FAST ASLEEP!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT---

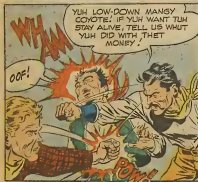
WAIT A SECOND! WHOEVER TOOK THET MONEY LEFT ONE OF HIS BUTTONS IN TH' FIREPLACE!

LOOK--THAR'S A BUTTON MISSIN' ON MEMPHIS' SHIRT!

NOW TAKE IT EASY! I TELL YUH--- THAR'S SOME MISTAKE!

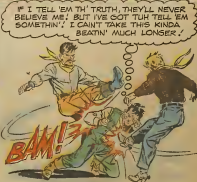
START TALKIN' YUH DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER!

I TELL YUH--- THAR'S A MISTAKE! I DON'T KNOW WHUT HAPPENED TO TH' MONEY!



YUH LOW-DOWN MANGY COYOTE! IF YUH WANT TUH STAY ALIVE, TELL US WHUT YUH DID WITH THET MONEY!

OOF!



IF I TELL 'EM TH' TRUTH, THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME! BUT I'VE GOT TUH TELL 'EM SOMETHIN'. I CAN'T TAKE THIS KINDA BEATIN' MUCH LONGER!



ENUF, ENUF! I'LL GO AND BRING BACK TH' MONEY TUH YUH!

JEST TUH MAKE SHORE THET YO'RE NOT UP TUH ANY MORE ANIMAL CUNNIN', WE'LL GO ALONG!

WE'VE BIN ROIN' FER OVER AN HOUR! JEST WHAR DID YUH HIDE THET MONEY?

I CAIN'T TELL 'EM THET WE'LL NEVER GIT IT BACK BECUZ IT'S IN TH' RIVER SO--



...I'VE GOT TUH DO TH' ONLY THINGS I
KIN TUH SAVE MUH HIDE---GIT TH'
SHERFF TUH PROTECT ME!



LET'S GIT, THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER IS
TRYIN' TUH TURN US OVER TUH TH' SHERIFF!



SAY AREN'T YOU
THE SAME
CRITTER I
SAW UP IN
THE HILLS
BEFORE?

THAT'S
RIGHT,
SHERIFF,
BUT YUH'VE
GOTTA LOOK
ME UP! MUH
LIFE DEPENDS
ON IT!



LOCK YUH UP
BECUZ YORE
LIFE DEPENDS
ON IT! ARE
YUH PLUMB
LOCO?

YUH WON'T
RECKON SO
AFTER I
TELL YUH
MUH STORY!



AND AFTER MEMPHIS
CONFESSES ---

KEEP HIM LOCKED UP,
MESQUITE! HIS WHOLE
STORY MAY BE SOME
KIND OF TRICK! I'M RIDING
OFF TO GHOST CITY TO
CHECK IT!



MEANWHILE, AT GHOST CITY---

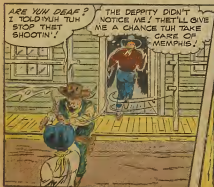
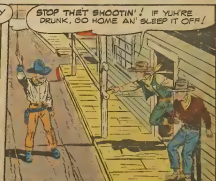
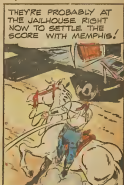
TH' WAY I FIGER IT, MEMPHIS
IS AIMIN' TUH GIT HOPALONG
TUH PUT US BEHIND BARS!
ONCE WERE THAR HE
KNOWS WE CAINT
FILL HIM FULL OF
LEAD FER WHUT HE
DID TUH US!

WAL,
WHILE
HOPALONG
IS OUT
LOOKIN'
FER US---

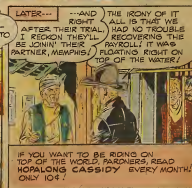
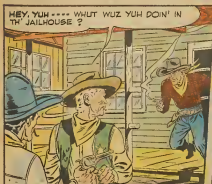


---I OPINE WE OUGHTA PAY TH' TWIN
RIVER JAILHOUSE A VISIT!





HOPALONG CASSIDY



Ralph KINER

CHAMPION HOME RUN HITTER
OF THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES

I'M TAKING
A ROUND-TRIP
THIS TIME

KINER'S
UP AND HE'S
HAD HIS
WHEATIES

IN 1947 KINER
TIED FOR THE NATIONAL
LEAGUE HOME RUN TITLE.
HIS 51 ROUND-TRIPPERS
SET A NEW ALL-TIME
RECORD FOR HOMERS
IN ONE SEASON BY A
PITTSBURGH PLAYER.

"KING" KINER BELTED EIGHT
HOMERS IN FOUR CONSECUTIVE
GAMES FOR A NEW ALL-TIME
MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD. FOR
TWO YEARS IN A ROW RALPH HIT AT
LEAST ONE HOME RUN IN EVERY
PARK IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

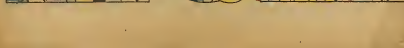
EXTRA ENERGY--
EXTRA BASES

YOU'LL FIND ME CALLING
FOR MILK, FRUIT AND
WHEATIES -- "BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS" -- MOST EVERY
MORNING OF THE SEASON," SAYS
SLUGGING RALPH KINER. "THOSE
GOOD WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES
HELP SUPPLY ME WITH EXTRA
ENERGY I NEED, TO PLAY A
TOP GAME OF BALL"

WHEATIES
**BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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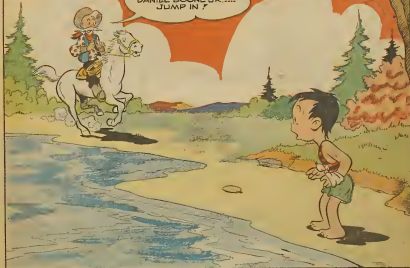
WHITEY WHISKERS

AND

DANIEL BOONE, JR.

"WATER ON THE BRAIN"

WAL, DON'T JEST
STAND THAR,
DANIEL BOONE JR.....
JUMP IN!



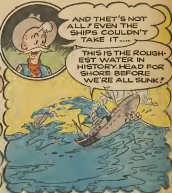
I'M AFRAID
TO JUMP IN.
WHITEY
WHISKERS?
THE WATER
LOOKS TOO
ROUGH?

I RECKON YUH AIN'T
NEVER SEEN ROUGH
WATER IF YUH CALL
THIS WATER ROUGH!



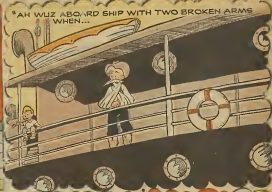
WHY, AH KIN
REMEMBER ONE
TIME AH WENT SWIMMIN',
THE WATER WUZ
SO ROUGH.....







WHY, SON, ONE TIME
WHEN AH WUZ RETURNIN'
FROM EUROPE AFTER
GIVIN' A ONE-MAN
RODEO SHOW....



"AH WUZ ABOARD SHIP WITH TWO BROKEN ARMS
WHEN....



(GULP!)
THEY
YOUNGSTER
FELL
OVERBOARD!

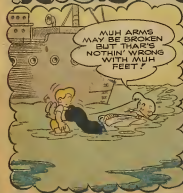
HELP!



"THAR WUZ NO ONE
AROUND AND THAR WUZ
NO TIME TO RUN FOR
HELP, SO....."

AH RECKON
IT'S UP TUH ME
TUH SAVE
THEY LAD..

HELP!



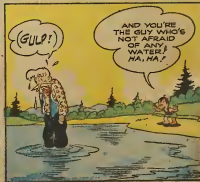
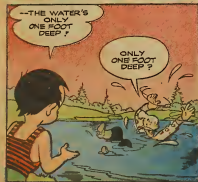
MUH ARMS
MAY BE BROKEN
BUT THAR'S
NOTHIN' WRONG
WITH MUH
FEET!



WHITEY WHISKERS
SAVED THE BOY!
QUICK, GET A ROPE
AND HOIST THEM
UP!



NO HURRY,
MATES!
AH'M ENJOYIN'
THIS SWIM!



TEX HEADS NORTH

By Clement Good

TEX O'BRIAN didn't care much for cold weather, but he did care a lot for his old buddy, Buck McGuire. So he saddled up and rode from his sun-drenched ranch in the Lone Star State up toward the Canadian Northwest where Buck was doing right well as a trapper.

It had to be that way or the long-time friends would never see each other again. Old Buck was wanted for murder in Texas. He was innocent, but framed up evidence had pointed to him and the victim had been the sheriff's son, so Buck had deemed it best to high-tail it out of there. His flight had been taken as a sign of guilt and the sheriff had given his men orders to take Buck on sight, dead or alive. So he was up north, trapping animals.

After many days Tex arrived at the settlement where Buck McGuire did his fur trading. Tex headed for the Ajax Fur Trading Company, Ltd. and inquired, "You-all acquainted with a hombre name of Buck McGuire?"

"Oui, Monsieur," replied the clerk, which Tex knew meant, "Yes, sir."

The clerk was affable and obliging. He told, in broken English, how to get to McGuire's place, some 20 miles up in the wooded hills.

The instructions proved to be accurate and Tex was soon hammering on the door of Buck's cabin, shouting, "Hey, old hoss! Open up and let me in for some chow!"

Only silence greeted the genial hello.

"Out trappin'," thought Tex, and he tried the door. It opened.

Tex entered and inspected the cabin with approval. He was hungry so he opened a can of beans. "No use waiting for my host," he thought, grinning to himself. "Might starve to death before he got back. Wouldn't be pleasant for him to come in an' find a corpse."

After eating, Tex deftly rolled a cigarette in his right hand, lighted it, and puffed contentedly. He saw some old magazines on a box by the bunk. He hauled off his boots and propped himself up on the bunk. Idly he began reading a story. It didn't hold his interest long. He snuffed out the cigarette, stretched out and soon was snoring.

He slept a long time. Slanting rays of

the sun, streaming through a little cabin window, awakened him. He sat up, rubbing his eyes. "Must be sunset," he thought. "Wonder what's keepin' old Buck?"

Tex arose, put on his boots, ran a hand through his tousled hair and walked toward the window. The fog of sleep was still a little over him, but he sensed there was something wrong. Finally it hit him. His sense of direction. That window was in the east wall. Sunset should not be shining through it. Tex threw open the door. The sparkling, dewey grass in the clearing straightened him out. It wasn't sunset. It was *sunrise*! He had slept a long, long time.

Funny that Buck would stay away all night and leave the cabin open like that. He found a battered coffee pot in the cabin, made a journey to the brook for water, and soon set about the business of making coffee. He was blowing on his second cup to cool it when the cabin door was kicked open and Tex found himself facing a gun. He raised his hands slowly.

TEX paced the cell. Once again he went over in his mind the bizarre story of what had happened to him; and what was worse, what had happened to Buck. It seemed incredible that he, Tex O'Brian, should be arrested for the murder of his best pal, Buck McGuire.

Yet here he was, cooped up in a cell in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police barracks, awaiting removal to a sturdier prison. It had been difficult getting details from the stern-lipped mounty who arrested him, but it seemed that the mounty had found Buck's body, what was left of it after the wolves got through, near one of Buck's traps. He'd been shot through the head.

The French-Canadian at the fur trading post had told the mounties of the stranger who came inquiring the way to Buck's cabin. Circumstantial evidence, the police thought, pointed to Tex as the killer. He had killed Buck, they figured, stolen and hidden his furs, then calmly broken into his cabin and set up headquarters, figuring that the body would never be found.

Tex had to admit that from their standpoint he made a pretty good suspect. But he didn't like it. He wanted a chance to look for Buck's killer.

TEX sat down, chin in hand, and gazed at the floor. There seemed no way out.

Presently a red-coated mountie came to the cell door. Tex was handcuffed and led outside. A couple of mounties helped him up on a horse. A third was mounted at his side.

"Watch him, Fotheringill," said the Captain. "A killer is always dangerous."

"I'll take care of him, sir," said the mounted mountie, saluting.

The two rode away from the barracks, Tex in front, the mountie at his side and just slightly to the rear, a firm hand on the reins of Tex's horse. "No need to ask," thought Tex. "We're on our way to headquarters."

They'd been on the trail for about ten minutes when a masked horseman popped out from a thick grove of cedars, got the drop on the mountie, and ordered him to fling away his gun. He then slapped Tex's horse and said, "Get going. Fast. I'll catch up."

A less experienced rider, even without the handicap of handcuffs, would have fallen as the horse leaped forward. But Tex, surprised though he was, was well seated. He accepted the suggestion and was off in a cloud of dust.

A little later the masked man caught up with him, this time unmasked.

"Buck McGuire!" exclaimed Tex.

"Yeh," grinned Buck. "Hold up a minute an' I'll take them bracelets off yuh. Got his key."

"But, Buck!" cried Tex as the cuffs were being opened, "I thought you were—that is, if you aren't—well, who WAS murdered?"

"Wasn't anybody murdered," said Buck. "The hombre that got slightly killed was a poacher. Caught him red-handed swipin' from my traps. He blazed at me with his shootin' arn an' winged me in the shoulder. Show you the wound later. Then I whanged back at him an' he fopped over, plumb dead."

"But how come they thought it was you?"

"Well, I done that. I put my coat and

belt onto him. The coat's got my name sewed in it and the belt has B. M. on the buckle. Yuh see, I knew I was innocent of murder, but there weren't no witnesses. An' I knowed if they came around investigatin' they'd write back to Texas an' find I was wanted for a killin' there an' it'd go hard with me. I thought I'd be better off 'dead', if yuh know what I mean." Buck laughed heartily.

He continued, "I was lyin' low in the woods to see what'd happen when I found out they'd pinched you. Well, I couldn't let my old pal rot in jail for killin' me when I was still alive so I laid in wait an' here we are."

A quiet voice said, "I have you gentlemen covered, I advise you to raise your hands. I am taking you back to the barracks."

Buck and Tex raised their hands and stared incredulously at the two mounties. Tex's former guard anticipated their question and said, "Headquarters had sent this officer after us. He found me, untied me and we trailed you."

Old Buck wasn't going to let his pal suffer innocently. "Listen," he said, "you've got nothing on Tex, here. He didn't kill me, as any fool can plainly see. So let him go. You can't charge him with anything."

"Oh, I don't think he'll be charged with anything except possibly escaping from an officer," said the mountie, smiling. "And that may be forgiven. You see, headquarters made a further examination of the body at first identified as one Buck McGuire. Certain tattoo marks indicated the man was not Buck McGuire, but was really one Snaffles Black, wanted in the Dominion for murder. There's a reward, \$1000, I believe, dead or alive."

"Holy smoke," exclaimed Buck.

"Yes, he was a bad one," the mountie said. "He was also wanted in The States, I believe. They recently discovered evidence that he had murdered a sheriff's son. Down in Texas, I believe."

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Buck.

TEX was even happier. "Come on, Buck," he said, "we'll go back and iron out this escape business an' then we're headin' fer Texas."

THE END

I RECKON I STUMBLED ONTUH
SOMETHIN' BIG! THEM CRITTERS
ON THE RIVER BOAT ARE JEST
RUNNIN' A VEGETABLE BUSINESS
AS A BLIND! THEY MUST
FIGGER THEY NOBODY WOULD
EVER SUSPECT 'EM OF HIDIN'
STOLEN VALUABLES IN
POTATO SACKS!



I'M GOIN' RIGHT OVER TUH
TELL HOPALONG! HE'LL
TAKE CARE OF 'EM LOW-
DOWN VARMINTS!



JEST A SECOND, WIDDER
JONES! WHUT DO YUH HAVE
TUH TELL HOPALONG FER?
ARE YUH FORGETTIN' I'M A
DEPPTY? I KIN TAKE CARE
OF 'EM CROOKED HOMBRES
MUHSELF!



YUH COME WITH ME AND
I'LL SHOW YUH HOW TH'
BEST DEPPTY IN TH'
WEST WORKS!



SHORTLY
AFTER---



YUH STAY HYAR, WIDDER JONES!
I'LL BE BACK WITH TH'
HANDCUFFED THIEVES
IN A FEW MINUTES!

MEANWHILE, ON THE RIVER BOAT----

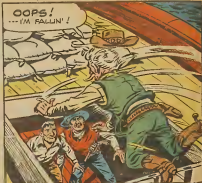
DANG BLAST IT, CHESTY, I DON'T KNOW WHO
I TELL YUH ONE OF
TH' POTATO SACKS
IS MISSIN'!
MADE OFF WITH IT,
BIGGER! I WUZ WITH
YUH ALL TH' TIME! LET'S
GIT BELOW AND MAKE
SHORE IT DON'T FALL
DOWN THAR!



TAIN'T NUTHIN' DOWN
HYAR! WHOEVER TOOK
THAT SACK IS BOUND
TUH FIND TH' STUFF
WE STOLE LAST
NIGHT IN IT!



I RECKON TH'
SAFEST THING
FER US TUH DO
IS GIT OUTTA TWIN
RIVER! I'LL TELL TH'
BOYS TUH START UP
TH' ENGINE!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

--I'LL DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO SAVE MESQUITE!



BUT WHEN HOPALONG REACHES THE DOCK---

TOO LATE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO BOARD THE RIVER BOAT FROM HERE!



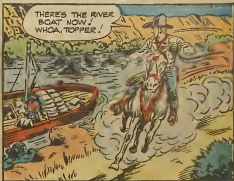
C'MON, TOPPER! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE HILLS!



NAVIGATING IS OUT OF MY LINE, BUT I DO KNOW THAT THE RIVER BOAT HAS TO PASS SOMEWHERE BELOW HERE!



THERE'S THE RIVER BOAT NOW! WHOA, TOPPER!



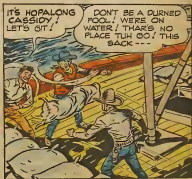
MEANWHILE, ON THE RIVER BOAT---

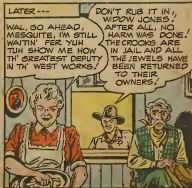
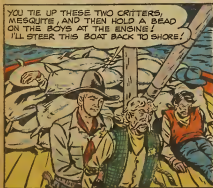
I RECKON TH' WATER'S DEEP 'NUFF HYAR TUH TOSS TH' DEPUTY OVER!



C'MON, I'LL GIVE YUH A HAND WITH IT, BIGGER!







BULLY and the OSCAR

and the BULLY'S REVENGE

BOY, THIS IS FUN!
HA, HA!

HEY, WATCH OUT-
GLUB, GLUB!

SPLASH

YUH DID THAT ON PURPOSE, BULLY!

SHORE I DID! WHUT ARE YUH GONNA DO 'BOUT IT?

FURTHERMORE, YUH LOOK A LITTLE MUDDY! LET MAH WATER PISTOL GIVE YUH A BATH!

STOP! WHENEVER I SEE ANYONE PICKING ON AN OLD MAN, IT MAKES MY BLOOD BOIL!

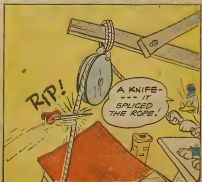
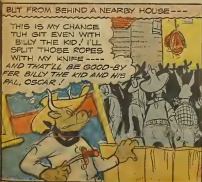
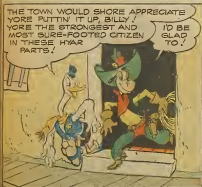
SPLASH!

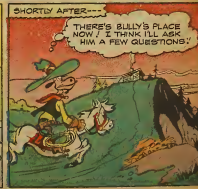
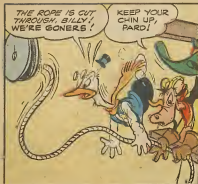
WAL, I'LL JUST COOL YUH OFF, BULLY THE KID!

BUT AS BULLY SWINGS---

YOU ASKED FOR IT---

-- NOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT!





HOPALONG CASSIDY

INSIDE THE SHACK---

BILLY THE KID!
HE MUST'VE FIGGERED
OUT I THREW THE
KNIFE! WAL, I'LL GIVE
HIM A NICE WELCOME!



NO ONE ANSWERED MY
KNOCK. I'LL GO IN AND
LOOK AROUND AND--



SEE, I KILLED
HIM! I'D BETTER
VAMOOSE FROM
THIS TERRITORY



BUT BILLY'S HEAD IS HARDER THAN
BULLY SUSPECTED----

OH, MY HEAD! WHAT HAPPENED----
HMM--I'M SURE OF ONE THING NOW!



BULLY DID IT---
AND THERE HE IS,
TRYING TO GET
AWAY!



HUH!

YOU'RE
NOT GOING
ANYWHERE--



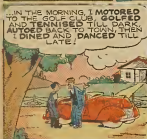
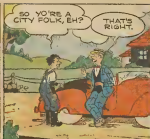
--UNTIL I
SETTLE A SCORE
WITH YOU!



PLEASE,
BILLY!
STOP!
DON'T HIT
ME ANY-
MORE!

I RECKON YOU
HAD ENOUGH!
NOW, YOU'RE
HEADED FOR
JAIL!





HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

in "DOOMED
TO LIVE!"



WATCH OUT
FOR THE
TRAIN!

NEVER MIND
THE BALL, KIT!
LET IT GO!

BUT THE WARNINGS ARE TOO LATE!

(GULP!) THE TRAIN HIT HIM!
AND NOW HE'S HEADING
FOR THE RIVER!



I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM BEFORE
HE DROWNS! HE MAY
STILL BE ALIVE!





LATER, AT THE TWIN RIVER HOSPITAL---

DR. JILLER, TELL ME--- DID KIT COME THROUGH THE OPERATION ALL RIGHT?

HE'LL LIVE --- BUT HE'LL BE A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE!



HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT WILL BE BEFORE KIT'S OUT OF THE HOSPITAL?

THAT'S HARD TO SAY, SHERIFF, IT ALL DEPENDS ON KIT HIMSELF! RIGHT NOW, HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY DESIRE TO LIVE! HE FEELS THAT AS A CRIPPLE HE'LL JUST BE A BURDEN TO EVERYONE AROUND HIM!



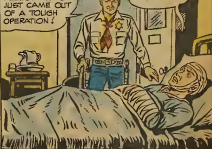
WOULD YOU MIND IF I HAD A TALK WITH HIM, DR. JILLER?

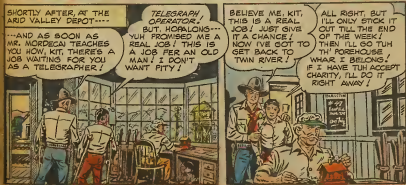
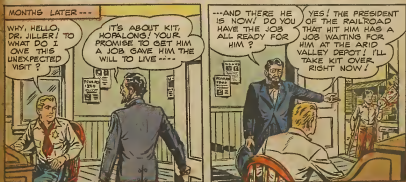
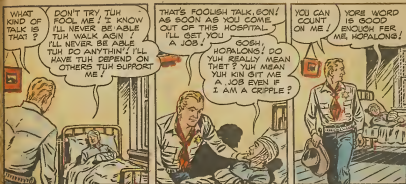
NO, NOT AT ALL! THEY'VE PROBABLY TAKEN HIM BACK TO HIS OWN ROOM BY NOW. YOU'LL FIND IT RIGHT DOWN THE HALL!



HELLO, KIT! YOU'RE LOOKING PRETTY GOOD FOR A FELLOW WHO JUST CAME OUT OF A TOUGH OPERATION!

GO 'WAY! LEAVE ME ALONE! I WANT TUH DIE!





THE NEXT NIGHT---

HOW ARE YUH COMIN' ALONG WITH THE STUDYIN' KIT? ONCE YUH LEARN TH' WHOLE CODE, SENDIN' MESSAGES WILL BE EASY AS PIE!



I LEARNED ALL TH' CODE I AIM TUH! I AIN'T STICKIN' 'ROUND HYAR! TH' ONLY REASON THEY GAVE ME TH' JOB IS THAT THEY KNOW IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TUH HANDLE IT! I DON'T WANT ANYBODY'S PITY!



YUH'RE WRONG, SON, BUT THAR AINT NO WAY TUH PROVE IT!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT---

HUH! -----
WHUT'S THIS?



THEY'RE PROBABLY AFTER THE GOLD TRAIN THET'S COMIN' IN! I'VE GOT TUH STOP 'EM!



GOIN' SOMEWHAR, GRANDPAW?

THIS OUCHTA CHANGE YORE MIND!



UGH!

I'LL LET TH' CRIPPLED KID HAVE IT, TOO!

HE CAINT DO US ANY HARM! HE'S JEST A CRIPPLED KID! I'LL KNOCK HIM OUT!



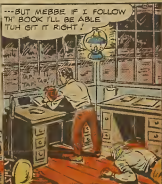
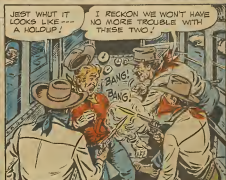
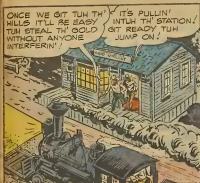
UGH!

CONK!

HYAR COMES THE GOLD TRAIN NOW!



C'MON, LET'S GIT OUTSIDE!



MOMENTS LATER, AT THE
TWIN RIVER DEPOT----

WHAT'S THIS?---I'D
BETTER GET THIS MESSAGE
TUN HOPALONG CASSIDY
IN A HURRY!



THE TELEGRAPHER RUSHES
RIGHT OVER TO THE TWIN
RIVER JAILHOUSE---

---YOU SAY
YOU JUST
RECEIVED
THIS?

THAT'S
RIGHT,
SHERIFF!



THEN I'D BETTER STRADDLE
MY SADDLE AND
HOP ALONG!



GET UP, TOPPER! WE'RE HEADING FOR
THE HILLS! WE'VE GOT TO REACH
THAT GOLD TRAIN BEFORE THOSE
VARMINTS CLEAN IT OUT!



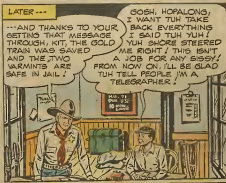
RIDING LIKE THE WIND, HOPALONGS SOON
REACHES THE HILLS---

THERE'S THE TRAIN ---AND
IT'S STILL MOVING! THAT
MEANS THE CRITTERS
HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE
TO TAKE THE GOLD YET!



WELL, IF IT'S UP TO ME
THEY'LL NEVER GET
THAT CHANCE!





TRAPS **Tootsie** **KILLER BEAR** WITH INVISIBLE LIGHT



You don't need a sniperscope to spot the gosh-a-mighty goodness of chewy, chocolaty Tootsie Rolls! They give you whizzlin' quick energy, too. And so do Tootsie Pops, a double treat—delicious assorted flavors with a chewy, chocolaty Tootsie Roll center. Take my tip—get both these temptin' Tootsie favorites today!

Tootsie Roll

Tootsie POP

"Old sweet songs... and swell new snapshots!"

Snaps capture the
magic of the fireside's spell... so the crowd sings out for more.
More? Easy!... even at night, with flash equipment...
when you use Kodak Verichrome Film. You press the button—
it does the rest. That's why it's America's favorite film, by far.
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodak Film

...the film in the familiar
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"KODAK" IS A TRADE MARK

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STAN

MUSIAL

FAMOUS CARDINAL SLUGGER

Says:

"ACTIVE FEET LIKE DICK'S AND MINE DEMAND THE BEST IN SHOES. THAT'S WHY WE BOTH WEAR WINTHROPS THEY'RE '4-BAGGER' VALUES IN ANY MAN'S LEAGUE... STYLE, COMFORT, FIT, LONG WEAR!!"



**WINTHROP
JRS.**
Man-Styled Shoes for Boys

SEE, DAD,
THE ONLY
DIFFERENCE
IS THE
SIZE!



DICK, SON OF HARD-HITTING STAN

Says:

"ONLY WINTHROP JRS. GIVE ME SHOES EXACTLY LIKE DAD'S THEY'RE '**REALLY**' RUGGED...HE-MAN IN EVERY WAY. ALL THE KIDS WANT 'EM."



WINTHROP JRS for boys
Sizes 1 to 9

WINTHROP SHOES for men

WINTHROP SHOE COMPANY • DIV: INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS

This rugged Winthrop with Half-Track sole available for men and boys. Also similar styles with leather, crepe, and Triple-Decker rubber soles.

HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring
William Boyd

OCTOBER

10¢

NO. 24



**THE MOST
FEARLESS SHERIFF
OF THE
WILD WEST**

Battles His Toughest
Opponent in the
Twin-River Giant!

HOPALONG CASSIDY 24

OCT. 1948

COVER EVERETT RAYMOND KNOTTER

HC: TREACHERY RIDES AGAIN 9

Hin Billy: STUNG 1/2

Pistol Packin' Pattie: ADVISER LEONARD STALL 1/2

WHITNEY WAGGERS... ? 4

TEX HEADS NORTH by CLEMENT GOOD" TEXT ? 2

pgs 463 German ? ?

Billy The Kid & Oscar 4

Hin Billy: Film Program 1/2

Pistol Packin' Pattie: HADY STALL STALL 1/2

HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring
William Boyd

OCTOBER

10¢

NO. 24

THE MOST
FEARLESS SHERIFF
OF THE
WILD WEST

Battles His Toughest
Opponent in the
Twin-River Giant!



HC: DOOMED TO LIVE

QUINLAN & ? 7